

VOLUME 1.

CINCINNATI O F

AUGUST 13, 1852

NUMBER 30.

TEMPERANCE REFORM. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

plainest untig.

And never asked falks home to tea, and searcely went to meeting.

The man that was a bankrapt valled, was kieder shanned by men.

And hardly dared to show his head among his townfolks then.
But nowadays, when a merchant fails, they say be curred.

NED'S YARN. makes a penny.

His wife dont have a gown the less, and his daughter triplet as many.

His sons, they smoke their choice cigars, and drink wearing his livery, that I came so near being

their costly wine.

And sug cost to the Oregal and he has follow to about the old fright —, on the West Introduced the walks the streets, he brives me one, men show the works the streets, he brives me one, men show the works we consisted in running up and down down. He walks the streets, he purves uis ope, men show thin all crutarins.

And what in my lays were called purves, are sow Pensacola harbor, between the Navy-yard and

where else a counterpart. If on a line sum-mer's day a gentleman were to ride up Wash-ington street in a coach without a coach box, story.

"I wasn't brought to be kicked and cuffed."

"I wasn't brought to be kicked and cuffed." but placed upon wooden runners, with the driver walking by its side, and occasionally throwing a greased rag under the runners to diminish the friction; he would probably have a voluntary and highly enthusiastic escort of the youthful portion of the community, and be looked upon as a candidate for an insane asylum. Yet this is precisely the vehicle that goes squeaking along the streets of Amstordam. It is literally a very slow coach. If the well-fed steeds who draw it should be frightened and run away, they might attain speed of six or eight miles an hour, but Dutch horses are seldem guilty of any such irregularities.

A Quandary.—To sit on a sofa between two pretty girls—one with black eyes, jet ringlets, and roe cheeks—the other with soft blue eyes, sunny ringlets, and red cheeks and lips, and both langhing at you at the same time.—We know of nothing more trying to one, unless it be to have both arms, elbow deep in the dough, and a flea up the leg offyour trowser-looks in the heat of summer.

HANGING AT THE YARD-ARM---ALMOST

Some time in the summer of 184-, having consion to go to the North from Charleston.

TEMPERANCE REFORM,
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BY CALE B CLARK,
Bes Franklin Printing House.

TERMS:

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Cincinnati, O.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG;

on, what the sum at talking to her contage gate.

An aged woman in the sum, at talking to her force of age was on her brow, its dimness to her contage.

And her bend figure to and fro recked all unconsciously.

The foot of age was on her brow, its dimness to tongot.

As she colapared "the doings now" with those when she way young.

When I was young, young gals were meek, and looked round kind of shy.

As she colapared "the doings now" with those when she way young.

When I was young, young gals were meek, and looked round kind of shy.

As she colapared be the doings now" with those when she way young.

They stald at home and did the work, made indian bread and whenthy.

As she colapared be the doings now" with those when she way young.

They stald at home and did the work, made indian bread and whenthy.

As she colapared be compelled to speak, they did so modestly.

They stald at home and did the work, made indian bread and whenthy.

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They stald at home and did the work, made indian bread and whenthy.

As she colapared "the doings now" with those when she way young gals were meek, and looked round kind of shy.

They stald at home and did the work, made indian and whenthy.

They stald a home and did the work, made indian bread and whenthy.

They shald a home and did the work, made indian bread and w

And searcely one in ten is found, who makes or mends her clothes.

But short I fell m, daughter,
Folks don't do as they doughter;
They had use oughter do as they doughter;
When I was young, if a man had failed, he shut up house and hall.
And never ventueed out till night, if he ventured out at all:
And he wife sold all her shiny plates, and his son came home from college.
And his gals left school, and learned to wash he wife sold all the knowledge;
They gave up cake and pumpkin pies, and had the plainest unting.

And what in my lays were called depty, are sow called liberty.

They call the mon coronronate who rum half the court. We were the flag-ship, you see, so city—

In my days the camprons to whom we gaze the pity.

But there! I tell my daughter.

Folks don't do as they'd oughter.

They had not appring do as here do.

They had not appring do as here do.

They had not appring the state of the work. The captain was a good enough sort of a man, for anything that I know; we never saw much of him. In fact, the captain of a man-o'-war doesn't have much to do with the management of theme.

Until the man who's proved to be as blood-thirsty as Nero.

Here the speaker wandered from his story to cularge upon the abuses attendant upon the buses attendant upon the Bust there? I tell my daughter, Polks don't die as they'd oughter, They had not oughter do as they'd oughter.

Canniages in Amsterdam.—A letter from Amsterdam, in the Buston Transcript, say—Burdens are dragged over the pavements (in Amsterdam,) on wooden sledges, and there is a curious vehicle still in use which has no where else a counterpart. If on a fine summer's day a gentleman were to ride up Washington street in a coach without a coach box,

good thing, when it lasts a month.

"I supposed I was in for a round dozen at the gangway, and expected every day, when the captain came aboard, that I should be taken up to the mast. But they had no idea of letting mo off so easy. They wanted somebody to make an example of I suppose, and they wanted to get up something out of the regular course for a little excitement; for it was rather ship in the suppose, and they have been been also as a suppose of the regular course for a little excitement; for it was rather ship in the suppose, as a suppose of the ship. We didn't get aground though on our own bones, as they say of the flag-ships before us did.

way. They got through at last, however, and lean frock coat and trowsers; and now my I was left at peace in the brig, glad enough it arms were tied behind me, and a white cap was over so far. I didn't know what decision was put on my head that could be drawn over was over so far. I didn't know what decision was put on my head that could be drawn over they had come to, but I know it was against my cyes, and then—the master-at-arms on the one side, and the sergeant of marines on the one side, and the sergeant of marines on the other—I was marched up through the empty my mind to beforehand, so I didn't worry my self about it. It was a good while before I my self about it. It was a good while before I my self about it. It was a good while before I my self about the sentence was; as they had spent many a pleasant hour to send on the documents to Washington and wait for an answer; and all that time there was no fun in having nothing to do but to call the sentence was ano fun in having nothing to do but to call the sentence was ano fun in having nothing to do but to call lows many dozen I should have take. was no fun in having nothing to do but to cal-culate how many dozen I should have to take. culate how many dozen I should have to take. I tried to get some clew from the reefers when they came forward; but they were as mum as quakers, and, I reakon, didn't know any more about it than I did. It came at last, though, and wasn't I taken flat aback then! What do you think the upshot of the matter was? Why, they had made out that I meant to kill the youngster if I hadn't been prevented, and they had an antenned me to be hung from the yardaring clil. I was dead as need keefe as a test keefe and they had. Ill eves were turned, though as the marines were turned, though as the marines were turned.

unless you like a mixture of tar paint and bilge water.

"Well, there they kept me, day after day, where I could see nobody except the marine who was stationed on guard at the foot of the ladder, and the yeoman who had charge of the extere-rooms, and who always looked as if he was made of putty from living all the time in the dark. One other men there was, though; the parson, I came near forgetting him. He mused to come down once in a while to preach, to me about getting ready to swing; that was fun, too, wasn't it? But I reckon he diden't fancy the air in the fore-peak for he generally made short work of it.

ed to be sure everything was done ship-shape.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. They had rove the rowe through a hlock on the yard over my head, and then spliced another into it; the two then ram in together to the mast, and were led down, one on each side of it, to the deck, and along beth sides of the ship, through a couple of santch-blocks, as far at a sthe mirror mast.

The rooms were lying on the deck, all tailed out ready; and when I was sent forward, the men were ordered to ange themselve by thom, and to stund by to take them up and run away with them, as soon as the word was given.—

The whole safe another into it; the two their ram in together to the mast, and were led down, one in set, and were led down, one on each side of it, to the deck, and along beth sides of the ship, through a couple of santch-blocks, as far are at the mirror about claims in regard to the finking grounds, the lankes will alone better be content with things as they are lest in a suit for the saddle he lose the horse.

The hardest thing to hold in this world, is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing in winging me up to the yard-arm. The trap

with the silver pipe in his mouth, one eye nant was flying as gayly as ever at the massquinted up and one cheek puffed out. I head, and the old Yankee bunting at the gaff. could always tell his call, for he had a way of I knew there was life all around me; but the to make an example of I suppose, and they wanted something out of the regular wanted to get up something out of the regular course for a little excitement; for it was rather stupid fun, lying at anchor all summer in the harbor. Building a dyke of beef bones round the ship. We didn't get aground though on our own bones, as they say of the flag-ships before us did.

"Well, after a while I found out, that instead of flogging me and setting me to work again, they were going to have me tried by a court-markint. I didn't fancy that quite so well; for a fellow stands a small chance of getting clear in such a case, with all hands after him like a fleet of whale boats after a timber rath. The officers all join their heads together, and make common cause, and have everything cut and dired before hard. The judg-of the count's an officer, and the lawyers are officer, and the winesses as active semant, who is accused of assaulting an officer—What can be expect, except to go dead to lockard.

"When the time came round, they got their court together in the cabin, and it was taken along the head and support the commondore at the head for a bishop. I don't remember how long the thing lasted, but it was several days; for a severy question and answer had to be written down, they make along the commondore at the head for a bishop. I don't remember how long the thing lasted, but it was several days; for a severy question and answer had to be written down, they make along the doctor and the was active. They were coming down for me! The second of the main hatch—if making and properties of the main shade, and the set was a given and repeated in tones to make the stripe and the second of the

long enough to give them one hug for good-bye. But I'm getting sentimental, my lads;

course, the centre of attraction towards which a fill I was dead as a jack-kuife; and they had got Uncle Sam to put his fist to this in black and white, as large as life."

"Avast there, Ned! Can they hang a man in the service for meaning to do a thing when he doesn't do it? You didn't even strike the reefer, did vou?"

"No, I didn't. But bless your heartl a court martial aboard ship can hang a man for squinting at the scuttle-butt, if they choose. They have what they call the "Red Book," that they had could hear. I didn't pay much attention to it, however, for I knew it all before and read every Sunday to the ship's company on had enough to do in trying to find out how

martial aboard ship can hang a man for squinting at the scuttle-butt, if they choose. They have what they call the "Red Book," that they read every Sunday to the ship's company on the quater-deck instead of a sermon. It's a lest of sea-laws and they all begin: "If any man shall do so and so'—and then no matter what comes next, whether it's sleeping five minutes on your watch or blowing up the magazine, and captain, cook and all hands with the same words: "he shall sulfer death, or such other panishment as a court-martial shall adjudge." Hang me, if I ever could see the use of reading the same thing o ver and over so? I could have lumped all "Articles," as they call them, into one, and had them read. "If any man shall do anything contrary to Rules and Regulations, the officers may get together in a court-martial and hang him, or punish him in any other way they like better." It would save a good deal of time and come to the same thing in the end.

"But let's heave ahead with the story, or we shan't get through before the watch is out, "After they had read that precious paper, in the end.

"But let's heave ahead with the story, or we shan't get through before the watch is out, "After they had read that precious paper, in the end.

"But let's heave ahead with the story, or we only fire, they had read that precious paper, in the end.

"But let's heave ahead with the story, or we only fire they had read that precious paper, in the end.

"But let's heave ahead with the story, or we only fire they had read that precious paper, in the end.

"But let's lampose, was against the acticles, the do on prince read that precious paper, but next of the brig and carried me down into the fore-passage, I thought, seeing I had only a week or two left to do up the rest of my living in, they might have given me a chance to do it handsomely.— But this I suppose, was against the acticles, in the part of the precious paper of the ship forward of the fore-mast, and aggrees to start, or while he was a rope, and they store they are the sto

that I stood on I knew was fixed in some way

m not to swalpes me slive, darbies and all.

"What brig was that Ned?" inquired one of his auditorn. "That's the first you've said about any such craft."

"They call 'the brig,' the place abourd ship where prisoners are confined. In a frigate it is generally on the starboard side of the grandeck, between the two forward gens. I was atowed away there, with irons on my wrists and anches; under the guard of a marine, whose duty was only to walk back and forth, picking his toeth with his bayonet, and to see that I had no talk with any of the men. There's no great hardship in this confinement; in fact, if a fellow is lary, he can have rather a good time of it. He has no work to do, and can sleep all day if he chooses, and his measures will generally lend him; jackets anough to make a comfortable bed. Then he can see very thing that's going on, and can hear all the talk of the men, though he isn't allowed to put his sown our into the water.

"The steerage officers, too, come forward to the bridge, when they thought I was saleep. But a follow gets tired to put his won our into the water.

"The steerage officers, too, come forward of the bridge, when they thought I was saleep. But a follow gets tired to the winds when the sage was a special and the ladder to the duck, and many a good laugh in the brig, when they thought I was saleep. But a follow gets tired to the many to the mast. But they had no idea of letting men and the captain cameaboard that I should be taken up to he mast. But they had no idea of letting men and expected every day, when the eaging way, and expected every day, when the gangway, and expected every day, when the gangway and expected every day, when the eaging and an anoth.

"I supposed I was in for a round dozen at the gangway and expected every day, when the eaging way and expecte

been pardoned, and that this was what had been read to me on the scaffold. So I wasn't hung, shipmates; but I never want to come quite so near it again."
"So they did all that to frighten you into good behaviour, did they?"

"That was one object, I suppose. Another was, to get up a bit of fun for the squadron. It was rather dull, lying there in the harbor all summer, with nothing to do, except to send up to gallant yards in the morning and send em down at night." "Did the person know how the thing was

coming out?"
"I don't know, but reckon not. They said
he looked as if he didn't more than half-like
being humbugged in that way."
"How was the drop fixed, Ned, so as to fall
at the right time?"

at the right time?"
"I found out about that afterwards. It was held up by a cord that was led across the muzzle of the gun on the gundeck under the scaffold, and that would have been cut by the wad loid, and that would have been cut by the wad; and the gunner stood with the lock-string in his hand, roady to pull as soon as the bell was struck. So I should have gone off in fire and smoke, and with a smell of brimstone.

The minds of Ned's auditors had evidently

been worked up to a considerable degree of ex-citement by his story, and his last remark gave ctement by his story, and his last remark gave them an opportunity to relieve themselves by sundry rather profune jokes, which it is unaccessary for me to repeat. As I had long since finished my cigar, I left the forcastle, and endeavored—though quite ansuccessfully—to spend the remainder of the night in sleep. During my uneasy slambers, I was suspended from all sorts of impossible places. The most remarkable of my fancies was, that I was relied up in a ball and hoisted, as a general, as ed up in a ball and hoisted, as a pennent, at the frigate — 's mast head, waiting for eight bells to be struck; when I was expecting the stop would be broken, and that the wind would blow me straight out from the truck .- Meteo politan Magazine.

Good.-The following is from the New Orleans True Bella: — "Mrs. Mary White, last Tuesday night, became extremely tight, and engaged in a fight, punching the head of her loving lord with a board. The neighbors all around, were disturbed by the sound, and could not think of sleeping a wink until the police came, when the turbulent dame was taken to jail, and not giving bail, poor Mrs. White was locked up for the night. She acknowledged the corn of taking a horn; asked his Honor to take pity on her, and she solemnly swore she d do so no more. The Recorder heard her tale, and told her not to fail to go immediately home, and in all time to come to leave off drinking rum, and conduct herself good as all women should."

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH.—Some I,500 citizens of Milwaukee have signed a letter to the Mayor, asking him to put a stop to the Sunday evening balls now regularly held at several halls in that city. Seventeen clergymen nine of them Germans) are among the agners. This is the old game over again; but unless the Mayor can substitute something better in the place all the civil enactments is the world. its place, all the civil enactments is the world will be uscless, as they have all along proven. Educate the people.

[Erom the Albany State Register.] SCENE AT THE STEAMBOAT LANDING.

There are lively times among the "Runners" of the opposition day boats, early these line mornings. People who have a fancy for reading rare chapters in the large and interesting volume of human nature, may be accommodated by spending half an hour at the new stoamboat landing, or at the foof of Hamilton street between 6 and 7 o'clock, a. m.

Your true Runner is an "old stick"—a "peculiar institution" unlike all the "rest of mankind"—generally plump, always lively and energetic, and ever charged to the muzzle with the most intense regard for the welfare and baggage of every man, woman and child who may be intent upon perpetrating a journey. One moment he is cursing the "opposition" Runner, and apparently ready and willing to throw him into the dock, and the next he is one vast, unbroken smile, politely retailing to a chance customer with a carpet-bag in his hand, the palace-like accommodations and dog cheap fare of "our boat."

Just for the paatime of the thing, we will "follow the fortune of the man with the Carpet Bag' till he gets off for New York. He wants to go—ao mistake about that—and he desires to go—ao mistake about that—and he desires to go—ao mistake about that—and he desires to go—as cheaply as possible. The beats advertised are the "Reindeer" and the "Henry Clay"—fare 50 cents by each. Reindeer Runner meets him pretty well up Broadway:

Reindeer Runner,—"Goin' to New York,

Reindeer Ramer .- 'Goin' to New York, Carpet Bag Man .- "That's my intention,

R. R .- Better take the Reindeer, sir-

R. R.—"Better take the Reindeer, sir—smartest boat in creation, fare only 50 cents."

Clag Runner.—"Don't year do no sich thing, sir, if you valle your life!"

C. B. M.—"Why not sir?"

C. R.—"Oh, the Reindeer has a fashion of running ashore and blowing up about every day, that's all! Besides, they II charge you a \$1 when you git aboard. We carry for 50 cents—not a cent more—aplendid boat, sir—750 feet long, new this summer, and the tallest kind of feeding aboard."

C. B. M.—"Well, I guess I'll go along with—"

with—

R. R.—We'll take you for 37s cests, friend

R. R.—We'll take you for 37s cests, friend

Hes about our best—all saws and tight—be
Hes about our best—bu's paid for it, and don't
do nothin' else.'

O. R.—"I say, friend, if you want to go to
New York this wook, take the Clay. Here's a
ticket—only 25 cents, sir, for you and your
carpet bag, and perfect safety insured. The
Reindeer ain't fit to run. She's got a hole in
her bilers big enuff for you to crawl through,
and they'll charge you a dollar when they secure you." cure you,"

C. B. M.—"Well, I'm tired of this pulling and hauling. Give me the ticket at 25 cents,

and I'll just—

R. R.—"Here, take my ticket at a shilling, and say no mure about it. The Clay never II get to New York if she starts, for she broke one of her wheals all to pieces yesterday, and the moment she gits under way, she il run side, way and so ashore."

side-ways and go ashore."

C. B. M.—"Well, well, I'll take the Reindeer, and run—"

G. R.—"On to the overslaugh in spite of yourself. The Reindeer sticks on the bar, sir,

yourself. The Reindeer stokes on the bar, are, three or four hours every morning in sight of the city. And then the folder, sir!''

G. R. M.—'The what?'

C. R.—The folder, sir; the dinner. Tainted steaks, last summer's eggs, cheese that runs

done, bread-'Oh, bother on your dinner; I've got half a peck of sand wiches in my car-pet bag, besides cookies."

C. K.—"That's right sir, nothing like economy in these ere hard times."

R. R.—"There goes the last bell sir! What do you say? Only a shilling fare by the Rein-

-now's your chance, sir."

R.-"He lies like a trooper, friend; he'll stick you for a dollar if he gets you aboard, and stock you on the bar hesides. Come, go with a shilling, and say nothing more about

R. R .- 'I'll take you for sixpence-I want to save your life if possible!'

C. R.—'Here's you ticket for three cents

you are a dead man if you go on the Rein-Diainterested Spectator,- 'The Clay's off

C. B. M.— Eh! What? Gone? Oh! ah! Well friend, I guess I'll go with you at six-

pence. (with his thumb to his nose and his digits performing a series of lively and expressive gyrations.) "No. I guess you won't go for no sich money now. The Clay is off; if you want to get to New York by steamboat today, you must take the Reindeer—fare one dollar!"

dollar!"
It was a picture for a painter—the quiet fun of the runners and the crowd, and biank as-tonishment of the victim when he found there was no alternative but the Reindeer and full

rare at the top price.

The moment the boats are off and the strife ceases, it is affecting, or, as Mrs. Partington would say very techin, to see the late believes in imitation of "learned". would say, very teenin, to see the late bel-ligerent runners, in imitation of "learned counsel" fresh from a fierce set-to for edifi-cation of a jury, adjourning to the nearest tavern to drink together and count upon their gains.

A Husband Scared .- One of our young A Husband Scared.—One of our young friends whose wife happens to be tempor arily absent from the city, was terribly alarmed yesterday on entering his room at one of our large and fashionable boarding houses. In his absence, a lady boarder, in the pursuit of a cool place and a breath of fresh air had seated herself for a few moments in this room. On entering, our young friend suddenly stopped, turned pale; but instantly discovering his mistake and secovering himself, he exclaimed, "O. Lord how scared I was—I thought my wife had come back."—N. O. Picayane.

Four young men, who emigrated from England to Australia less than five years ago, invested their function of the continuous of the continuous of the chain of found to extend to the chain of the chain gold fields the fortunal for the propert on all the produce of the nst offered ne royalty

THE ESA BEFORE PENNY PAPERS .- The first newspaper published in Virginia cost fifty dol-lars a year. It was published weekly, and advertisements were inacrted for ten. dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each week